

# THE MISSILE



Petersburg High School.

K. K. Motley





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# THE MISSILE P

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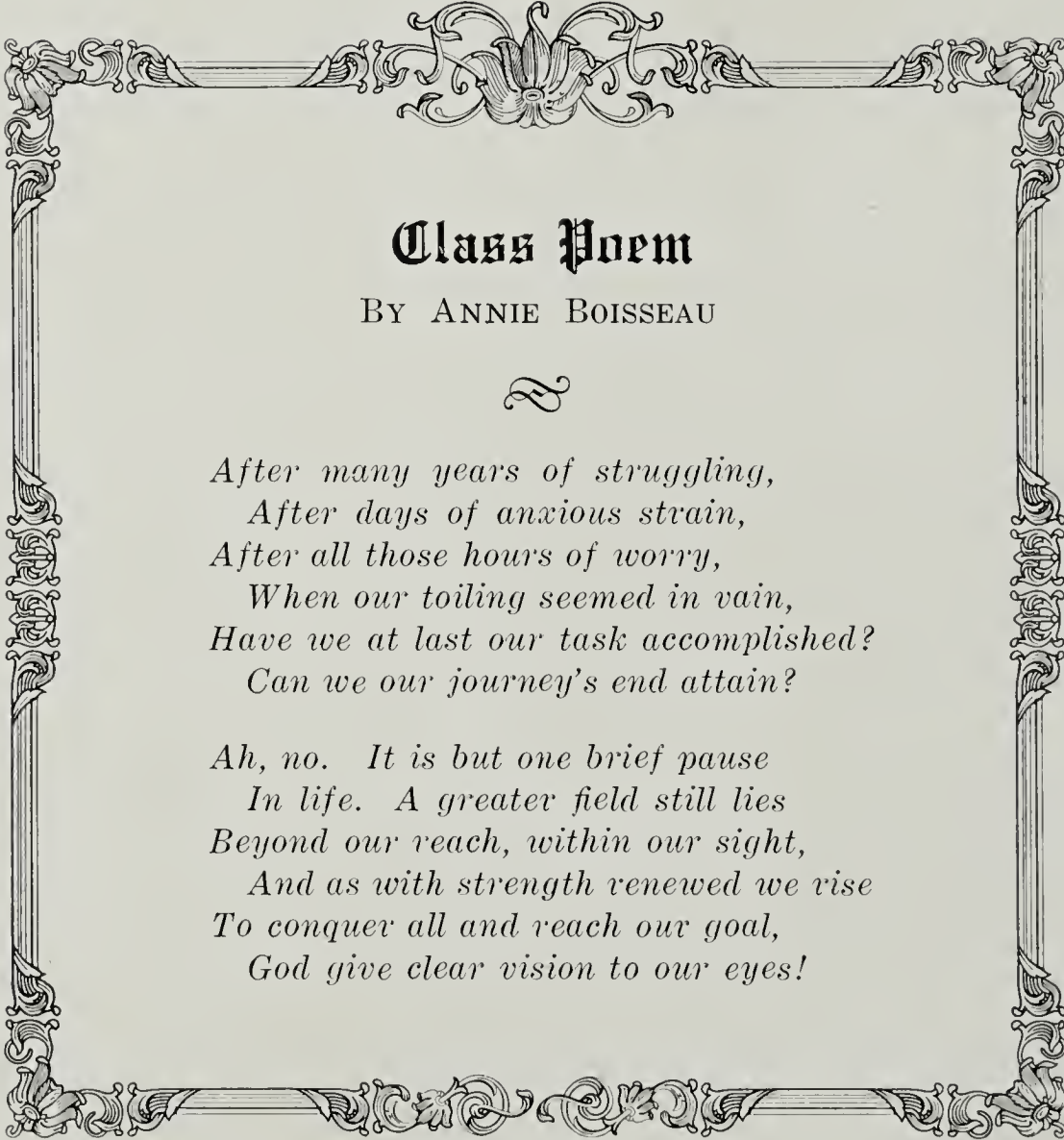
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## Class Poem

BY ANNIE BOISSEAU



*After many years of struggling,  
After days of anxious strain,  
After all those hours of worry,  
When our toiling seemed in vain,  
Have we at last our task accomplished?  
Can we our journey's end attain?*

*Ah, no. It is but one brief pause  
In life. A greater field still lies  
Beyond our reach, within our sight,  
And as with strength renewed we rise  
To conquer all and reach our goal,  
God give clear vision to our eyes!*



## FEBRUARY CLASS



ELIZABETH FRANCES ADKINS

"LIPS"

Square Circle; Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association; 3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; President, 4-H Civics Club; Student Council.



EFFIE B. BAILEY

"EFF"

Athletic Association; Work featured in poetry number of Missile.



GRACE WILLIENE BARNER

"WILLIENE"

Athletic Association; 3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club.



ANNIE GOODWYN BOISSEAU

"BUSHEL"

Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association; Secretary, Student Council; Square Circle; Sponsor, Senior Hi-Y; 3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Associate Editor, Missile; Missile Reporter; Class Poet; President, Room 315.





EDNA BERTHA BOWERY

Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association.



DERA ANNETTE BROWN

"DERA"

Page Literary Society; Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; History Club.



JAMES VELVIN BURGESS

"JIMMIE"

Student Council; President, 4-L Civics Club; President, 4-H Civics Club; Page Literary Society; Chemistry Club; Secretary and Treasurer, 4-L Physics Club; History Club; Green Troop.



MARY ELIZAETH CHURN

"FAIRY" "LIZZY"

4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; Public Speaking Society; 3-H History Club; Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association; Missile Reporter.



## DOROTHY ISABEL CLEMENTS

"Dot"

Spanish Club; Music Club; Athletic Association.



## JOEL ELLIS COX

"PROFESSOR"

Associate Editor, Roulette; Associate Editor, Missile, '27, '28; Page Literary Society; Public Speaking Society; Orchestra; Band; History Club; Athletic Association; Vice-President, Physics Club; Winner Progress-Index Journalism Medal '27; Missile Reporter; Spanish Club; Junior Hi-Y; Senior Hi-Y.



## MARGARET RACHEL CROWDER

"MARGARET"

Spanish Club.



## WALTER EDWARD DODGE

"WALT"

Green Troop; Junior Hi-Y; Science Club; Spanish Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Editor of Green Trooper; Athletic Association.





MARGARET CECELIA FISCHER

Athletic Association; 3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Missile Reporter; Square Circle; February Class Statistician.



JEAN HARRISON GILLS

"JEAN"

4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; History Club; Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association.



SAMUEL WEISIGER GROSSMAN

"SAM"

Editor-in-Chief, Missile; Editor-in-Chief, School Weekly News; President, Page Literary Society; Vice-President, 4-L Class; Vice-President, 4-L Club; Secretary-Treasurer, 4-H Class; Secretary, History Club; Student Council (2 years); Junior, Hi-Y; Senior Hi-Y; Chemistry Club; Athletic Association.



MARY IDA LEDFORD

"MARY"

4-H Civics Club; Secretary-Treasurer, 4-L Civics Club; History Club; Public Speaking Society; Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association; Missile Reporter.



## ELMA GLADYS MITCHELL

"ELMA"

Girls' Chorus; 3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; Public Speaking Society; Science Club; Athletic Association.



## DOUGLAS GEE MYERS

"Doug"

President, 4-H Class; President, 4-L Class; President, Athletic Association; President, Monogram Club; President, History Club; Student Council (2 years); Vice-President, Student Council; Vice-President, Page Literary Society; Secretary, Page Literary Society; Foot Ball Team; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Public Speaking Society; Junior Hi-Y; Vice President, Senior H-Y; Green Troop.



## MARTHA VAUGHAN SEABURY

"MOPSY"

Square Circle; Missile Reporter; Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association.



## JOSEPHINE ELIZABETH SIMMONS

"Jo"

3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Spanish Club.





## MILDRED WHITE STEERE

"MILDRED"

4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; Public Speaking Society; History Club; Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association; Orchestra; Missile Reporter; Chemistry Club.



## VIRGINIA LEE STRAILMAN

"JINKS"

Associate Editor, Missile; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Treasurer, Daniel Literary Society; 3-H History Club.



## KATHERINE BALL WHEARY

"KITTY"

History Club; 4-L Civics Club; Secretary-Treasurer, 4-H Civics Club; Girls' Chorus; Orchestra; Athletic Association; February Class Prophet.



## ELIZABETH HORTENSE WILLIAMS

"LIZBETH"

3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Athletic Association; Girls' Chorus.



## LOUISE LOWRY WOLFF

"SISTER"

Athletic Association; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; 3-H History Club; Vice-President, Daniel Literary Society; Secretary, Daniel Literary Society; Vice-President, Square Circle; Associate Editor, Missile, (two years); Missile Reporter.



JAQUELIN LEE HOLMES  
Class Mascot



## JUNE CLASS



MARY ASHBY ACREE

"SMASHBY"

Treasurer, Daniel Society; Secretary-Treasurer, Square Circle; Athletic Association; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; 3-H History Club; Chemistry Club.



GLADYS AVERIL ANDREWS

"DIMPLES"

Public Speaking Society; Spanish Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; 3-H History Club.



ANNIE McBRIDE ASKEW

"DINKS"

Athletic Association; Commercial Club.



THOMAS HARMON AYERS

"HOMON"

Treasurer, Page Society; Monogram Club; Junior Hi-Y; Senior Hi-Y; Missile Reporter (2 years); Football Team (2 years); Basketball Team (2 years); Athletic Association; Vice-President, Commercial Club.



GEORGIA GAYNELLE BAIN

"NELLE"

Girls' Chorus; Spanish Club; Biology Club.



WILLIAM HARRISON BAIRD

"BILL"

Public Speaking Society; 3-H History Club;  
4-H Physics Club; 4-L Civics Clubs; 4-H Civics  
Club.



BERTHA BANK

"BUBBIE"

Athletic Association; Orchestra; Commercial  
Club; Girls' Chorus.



ALICE GERALDINE BEAZLEY

"JERRY"

4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; 3-H History  
Club; Athletic Association.





BLENNA BELVA BERWAGER

"BLEN"

Orchestra; 3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club.



GWENDOLYN MONIER BINSTED

"GWEN"

Vice President, Daniel Society; Daniel Debating Team; 4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Clubs; 3-H History Club; Athletic Association; Girls' Chorus.



MARION WESLEY BOWERY

3-H History Club; 4-H Physics Club; Athletic Association; Baseball Squad; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club.



ALEXANDER WILSON BRYANT, Jr.

"ZANDER"

President, Page Literary Society; Student Council; History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Junior Hi-Y Club; Senior Hi-Y Club; Monogram Club (2 years); Secretary, 4-L Class; Football Team (2 years); Circulation Manager, Missile; Athletic Association; Band; Orchestra.



## WILLIAMS JAMES COBB

"COBB"

3-H History Club; Public Speaking Society;  
4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Athletic Association.



## BERNARD WINFIELD COCKE

"JACK"

4-L Civics Club; 4-L Physics Club; Green Troop; Missile Staff; 3-H History Club; Chemistry Club.



## LULA WILTON COOK

"Lu Lu"

Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association.

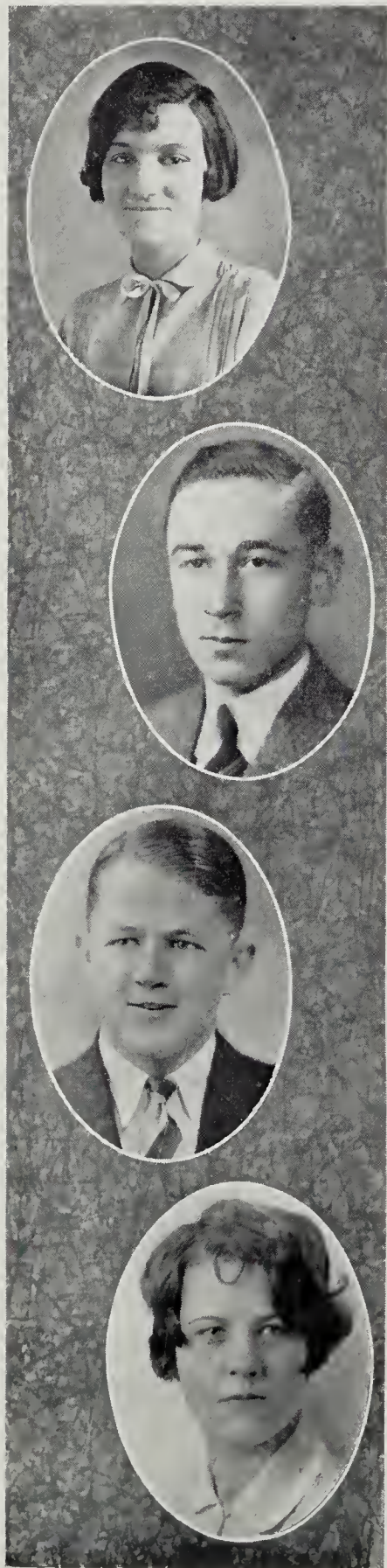


## JOSEPH CLAYPOOL CRAWFORD, JR.

"JOE"

3-H History Club; 4-H Civics Club; Orchestra;  
4-L Civics Club; Athletic Association; 4-H Physics Club.





LUCIE REBEKAH CRICHTON

"LUCIA"

3-H History Club; Civics Club; Missile Reporter; Spanish Club.



WILLIAM HAMILTON CROCKFORD

"BONES"

President, June Class '28; President, 3-H History Club; Student Council; Assistant Circulation Manager, Missile; Associate Editor, Missile; Page Literary Society; Junior Hi-Y; Football Squad; 4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; Public Speaking Society; Athletic Association.



ROBERT McKENNEY CUTHBERT, Jr.

"CUTHIE"

Vice-President, Page Literary Society; Treasurer, Junior Hi-Y Club; Circulation Manager, Missile; Assistant Business Manager, Missile; 4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; 3-H History Club; Public Speaking Society; Athletic Association; Missile Reporter (3 years).



MILDRED RUTH DAVIS

"MILL"

Class Song Writer; Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association.



## LOUISE ELIZABETH DOWDY

"SLIM"

Girls' Chorus; Athletic Association; O. G. Girls' Club.



## JOHN ROBERT DOYLE, JR.

"RACKET"

President, Daniel Literary Society; Student Council; Daniel Debating Team; Senior Hi-Y; Physics Club; Athletic Association; School Debating team.



## MILDRED FEILD ELMORE

"FEILD"

Athletic Association; Square Circle; Page Society; History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Spanish Club; Public Speaking Society; Girls' Chorus.



## MARY WALLER FARINHOLT

"WALLEY"

Girls' Basketball Team; Athletic Association; 3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club.





SALLIE VIRGINIA FISCHER

"FATS"

4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; 3-H History Club; Spanish Club; Chemistry Club.



BERNIE ELIZABETH GAY

"GAY"

Public Speaking Society; 2-H Biology Club; 3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club.



MARY VIRGINIA HALE

"GINGER ALE"

Athletic Association; Commercial Club.



DORIS AMELIA HALL

"DOT"

Athletic Association; Commercial Club; Girls' Chorus.



## HAZEL ELIZABETH HALLOWAY

"ZEL"

4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; 3-H History Club; Athletic Association; Girls' Chorus.



## LOUISE EPPES HARWELL

Athletic Association; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; 3-H History Club.



## MIRIAM FRANCES HAWKINS

"FAY"

3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club.



## WILLIAM EDWIN HEMPHILL

"PILL"

Associate Editor, Missile; Editor, "Cavanaugh Special"; Business Manager, June Class Play; Daniel Literary Society; Senior Hi-Y; Junior Hi-Y; 4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; 3-H History Club; Public Speaking Society; Orchestra.





CATHERINE LILLIAN LUCAS

"KITTY"

Page Literary Society; 3-H History Club; Missile Reporter; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Assistant Circulation Manager, Missile; Secretary-Treasurer, Public Speaking Society; Athletic Association.



LUCY WEBB MALONE

"LUCY"

History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Athletic Association; Spanish Club.



ETHEL McCANN MATTHEWS

"FUNNY"

Athletic Association; Commercial Club; Girls' Chorus.



FRANCES MITCHELL

Athletic Association.



## RUTH INEZ MIZE

"AZY"

Athletic Association; Biology Club; Girls' Chorus; Commercial Club.



## MARY LOUISE MUNT

"MUNT"

Girls' Chorus; Chemistry Club; Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association; Spanish Club; Square Circle; 4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; 3-H History Club.



## RUBY MAE NEWTON

"FIG NEWTON"

(Transferred from Lynchburg High School)



## MYRTLE LOUISE OWEN

"MYRT"

Girls' Chorus; Spanish Club.





MARY ELIZABETH POWELL

"LIZZIE"

Athletic Association; Daniel Literary Society;  
3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics  
Club; Associate Editor, Missile; Girls' Chorus.



HELEN WINFREE PRICE

"RED"

Secretary, O. G. Club; 3-H History Club; Ath-  
letic Association.



ERCELLE BRAGG READE

"ERCELLE"

Athletic Association; Missile Reporter; Junior  
Page Society; Page Special Society; Secretary,  
Page Literary Society; Secretary-Treasurer, 3-H  
History Club; 4-H Civics Club; Basketball  
Squad '27, '28; Associate Editor, Missile; Public  
Speaking Society.



PAULINE ANNETTE REINACH

"SISTER"

3-H History Club; 4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics  
Club; Athletic Association; Missile Reporter;  
Girls' Chorus.



## MARY LAMAR RENNIE

President, Square Circle; Secretary-Treasurer, Square Circle; Girls' Basketball Squad (3 years); Manager, Girls' Basketball Team; Assistant Circulation Manager, Missile; President, Page Literary Society; President, Athletic Council; Vice-President, Athletic Council; Vice-President, Student Council; 4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; 3-H History Club; Missile Reporter; Football Cheer Leader.



## MARGARET MAY RUDY

"TOOTSIE"

3-H History Club; 4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; Spanish Club; Girls' Chorus; Vice-President, Chemistry Club; Daniel Literary Society; Missile Reporter; Girls' Basketball Team; Athletic Association; Public Speaking Society.



## HERMAN SHEINTOCK

"SHINIE"

4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Commercial Club; Biology Club; Associate Editor, "Cavanaugh Special"; Orchestra; Band; Athletic Association.



## LELIA ELOISE SIMONSON

"PIGGIE"

Treasurer, O. G. Club; Athletic Association; Commercial Club.





## EASTER MARGUERITTE SOUDERS

"CHRISTMAS"

Junior Page Literary Society; Page Special Literary Society; Page Literary Society; Athletic Association; Public Speaking Society; 4-H Civics Club; 3-H History Club; Basketball Team '27, '28; June Class Historian.



## OLIVIA LEE WESTBROOK

"BILLIE"

Athletic Association; Basketball Squad.



## EDWARD FRANKLIN WILLIAMSON

"ED"

Junior Hi-Y Society, 4-H Civics Club; 4-L Civics Club; 3-H History Club; Raven Society; Chemistry Club; Athletic Association.



## MARGARET VIRGINIA YOUNG

"TILLIE"

Athletic Association; Junior Page Society; Secretary, Page Special Society; 3-H History Club; 4-L Civics Club; 4-H Civics Club; Missile Reporter; Public Speaking Society.



“SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD”

FEBUARY CLASS

JUNE CLASS



Trvin Atkins

# THE MISSILE



## THREE POEMS

*By Sarah Downing*

### I.

#### Life In Three Stages

##### Youth

Youth is a rosebud in a mauve vase—  
Just an innocent air and a wondering face.  
Life is as yet a dark, mysterious thing;  
Nothing more to do than hear the birdies sing—  
So why worry?

##### Knowledge

When knowledge comes, they tire of the vase—  
With a knowing air and a smug, knowing face.  
Energetic, restless, want all things new;  
The extreme of everything—"Not stale? It'll do!"  
But why hurry?

##### Contentment

A more settled age—back to the vase  
With steps not so springy, but a willing face.  
Light-hearted and gay—the day's work done.  
Pleased, contented, like a cat in the sun—  
Nice and purry.

### II.

#### The Voice of the Cataract

I am a crashing cataract  
Careening madly down from dizzy heights;  
I strike my beholders full of awe  
As they watch the sun turn me into gleaming lights.

I'm not like my sister, the brook.  
She is dressed in a silvery gown of foamy lace,  
And she gayly sings and dances all day  
With carefree heart and flashing, laughing face.

My eddies swirl in food for me,  
For my crushing jaws are eager for new prey,  
And once a thing is in my grasp,  
I send it hurtling down with small delay.



When my relentless feat is done,  
 My boom of triumph thuds on the murky air.  
 What fiendish delight it is to me  
 To see my victim lying in my lair!

## III.

**Prometheus' Gift**

A hearth-fire makes a cheery spot  
 On a dreary, rainy day;  
 And as for me I'll cast my lot  
 With this companion gay.

It jumps, it romps, it leaps, it swirls  
 In a happy, merry fit;  
 It gives its skirts such gay, mad twirls  
 For my own benefit.

Red-golden, impish, naughty flame  
 Billowy, wraith-like rift—  
 Why was Prometheus to blame  
 For his so cheerful gift?

**BLACK BEAR**

*By James Hemphill*

"Boloney! Humbug!" said the old captain of our flying squadron, taking his aviator's cap off and looking intently at the listening group. I came in just in time to hear those last words. There was our whole squadron assembled around the fireplace in our dear old captain's shack. I had just landed with the mail from Oregon, and seeing a group in the hut I came to the conclusion that I would stay with the gang. So there we were listening to our captain tell one of his yarns. He had been an old hunter before he was an aviator, and when he got started on one of his Indian stories, we never interrupted.

"You think you know something?" he went on in his deep rolling voice. "You with your modern means of warfare, your Winchesters, your revolvers? Humbug! There are no men among you. The old days when man met man

are gone, and some real men died with them. Boloney! Shucks! Humbug."

"Then you do not think that aviators are real men?" my co-pilot, Tom Young, asked.

"Wal, Tom, I take that back. But anyway the aviators of today are not the real men I am going to tell you about if you don't interrupt."

From now on the story is told by the captain of our squadron, and when the writer uses "I" it means this old trapper, now our leader. So here goes.

"Indians, Pouf! I reckon I might could spin a yarn about them all right." He took his pipe (an old Indian peace pipe) out, fixed himself comfortably and began to smoke.

"Ugh, I like to smoke when I talk; kind o' brings back mem'ries." Then, pointing with the long stem of his pipe, he began his strange and weird tale.

"It was off in them mountains and it happened before the oldest of you learned the taste of milk. The prairie was black with buffalo, the streams held fish without number. Nature was at its highest, and it was all magnificent in God's great out-of-doors, my fellow aviators!

"I was not by myself. There were two others: my friend, Ted Jones, and a real man, even though his skin was red. There are many whose hearts are white under their red skin. Our meeting was strange, very queer. He had scalped my friend Jones and would have scalped me had his foot not slipped, and splash! over into the river he fell. For a moment I stood watching him. Had there been a look of appeal in his eyes or had he called for aid I would have stood still. But no! Too proud to cry for assistance, and in his eyes, as they met mine, only the savage look of hatred of the red man for the white. He was making a manly struggle but Black Bear was slowly losing. He would have killed me, but when a man, a real manly man is as brave as that, what would you do? In a flash of a second I was beside him.

"Well, I was a strong swimmer, and soon I got him ashore, where the bank wasn't so steep and slick. When I had climbed out, he had already recovered his knife and stood there, a magnificent type of real, red-blooded man, waiting for me. He was without a doubt the finest example of real honest-to-goodness manhood I had ever laid eyes on. And did I admire him?"

The old captain took a long draw on his peace pipe, paused, wiggled his mustache.

"Did he get y'?" Tom inquired.

"Have I not said he was a real man? He came closer, knife in hand. I had nothing. He suddenly scooped up some grass, burst out in a war cry, and around me in sure 'nough Indian fashion, coming to an abrupt halt at my feet. Throwing the knife, bloody

from my friend Jones's neck, at my feet, he drew himself up so, flung his great arms apart and held his manly chin proudly in the air.

"'Strike!' he said. 'Black bear would have scalped White Hunter as he slept; Pale Face drew Black Bear from rushing waters. Black Bear's life belongs to White Hunter. Take it!'"

"Picking up the knife and handing it to him, I said 'Black Bear, I do not want it.'

"'Black Bear would have scalped White Hunter; did not White Hunter hear his words?'"

"I nodded and answered, 'Black Bear is a man. His heart, the heart of a real man, is white though his hide is red. Let him keep his life and knife; I do not want them.'

"'White Hunter's skin is white, but his heart is heap-much big and red. He too, is a man, and Black Bear is his brother till Manitou calls him to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Have I not spoken?'"

"I could not induce him to leave me. He argued that the Mohawks were on the war-path and I was in grave danger both from them and his own people unless he was with me. In vain did I tell him that I could take care of myself.

"'Black Bear will make himself as small as an ant and move as softly as a wildcat, so that his brother of the kind heart may not see him nor will he hear him, but he will stay with his brother.'

"So he stayed. I saw nothing of him, nor did I hear him. I thought he had gone. But suddenly he appeared to save my life from a crouching lion. And one evening I called him, and he stood before me as though the very earth opened up and deposited him in my presence. I don't mind saying I was startled. I told him he could stay with me if he chose. After that we were inseparable. I was young and thought I knew everything, but I soon learned



different. I decided to take my skins back to the fort and told Black Bear to be gone.

"Not yet, Great Heart, wait, and before the sun has gone six times around the sky, Black Bear will be back to join his brother."

"Let it be as you wish. But where go you in those six days?"

"Why should my brother know? Great Heart, I am in love. In the lodge of the Great Grizzly Bear, Pawnees, which is my tribe, there sits the lovely White Rose alone. She asks the Sun, 'Where is my love, Black Bear?' The Sun answers her not, neither does the moon, nor the stars, nor even the Great Spirit. She looks out over the prairie, it is full of emptiness, and the heart of White Rose is sad, very sad. Black Bear's heart is sad too. Great Hunter, she is so fair, and I would look upon her once more ere I go with you. Let my brother wait, and ere the sun has six times gone to sleep I will join him. And ere the sun sleeps four times, I will have seen once more, and have kissed once more my White Rose. Great Heart, let Black Bear go, for his heart cries out for the heart of his White Rose."

"And so he went.

"I waited for five days and then laughed at myself for thinking he would come back. So I packed my skins and set back-trail.

"I was eating breakfast the next morning when I heard the cracking of twigs. A red-skin may tread as a cat, but the trapper has ears of a mouse. I grabbed my gun, turned, and saw a painted savage creeping upon me. My rifle leaped to my shoulder at will and I fired. He fell dead. Before I had half a chance to reload, six as hideous as himself sprang upon me. I had no chance. I was afraid not of death, but of the torture that I knew would come before death. I had but unskillfully kept back my fear. They noticed my terror, for one of them, with three

eagle feathers in his hair, shook a knife at my face and said, 'Dog of pale-face and son of dog has slain Black Buffalo and his heart is like water in his breast for it.' Then I knew no more, for down crashed a tomahawk.

"Perhaps it was midnight, perhaps later—I never found out. It was at least some time after I had lost consciousness that I heard a dull sound, a low, gurgling moan. Then a figure, knife in hand, whispered in my ear, so low that it was but a breath, 'Is my brother awake?'

"It was Black Bear! I could have screamed for joy, but I kept silent as he told me how he had saved me from the six Mohawks, killing them each one. Something warm dropped from his red, manly hand into my cold hands. I knew what it was.

"Is it well with my brother?"

"I replied, 'It is well, Black Bear.'

"Dogs of Mohawks!" cried my red-blooded savior as he shook his fists at the six distant dead bodies. 'Six of you have tasted Pawnee vengeance and more will follow!' He picked up a stick as he spoke, spat upon it and snapped it. 'My brother, here is your rifle and bag. I took them from the leader. Come, before the sun awakes we must be far away.'

"We had followed a stream and had covered some distance when a faint cry came to our ears on the still night air.

"Black Bear stopped. His nostrils spread wide apart and his proud head flung back. He cursed in Indian and then said, 'Great Heart, the live dogs have found the dead.'

"When I heard this my heart sank.

"The Mohawks are wise,' said Black Bear. 'But the Pawnees outwit them easily. When I returned and found that you had gone, my heart was sad. The Mohawks were at war, and my brother was unwise. I followed you to your camp, but before I saved you, I made three other trails from your camp-fire. Black Bear is wise. They will be

undecided and will divide and follow all. Is it not better to fight ten, than fifty? Until the sun awakes we are safe. Let Great Heart clothe his tired feet with wings. We go.'

"We continued on swiftly. We followed one side of the stream for a mile and crossed and followed the other side. Sometimes we waded the stream never leaving a footprint. I was nigh spent, and more than once Black Bear's manly arms carried me over the rocky rapids. At last we halted on the edge of a precipice overlooking a beautiful valley.

"Eat, sleep, rest, Great Heart. Your brother of the lynx eyes will watch.'

"Up, my brother! The dogs have found our trail. Stand up slowly and you will see the dogs.

"Black Bear, I see them not.'

"My brother's eyes are clouded,' said the man with red skin and a white heart.

"Then at once I saw a bright spot of vermillion, the war paint on the forehead of an Indian brave. I saw only one, and he was too far to shoot; so I kept under cover. I confess I was rather awed at the red man's powers of observation.

"Here they come,' whispered Black Bear. 'Let Make-Thunder speak to them.' True the red spot had disappeared. I watched but could see nothing.

"Is Make-Thunder ready?"

"Yes!"

"Then watch,' he replied, and sprang up onto a rock overlooking the whole valley.

"He shook his proud manly head and shouted defiantly the Pawnee war-whoop. 'Mohawk dogs! Squaws! Old women! Black Bear spits on you and defies you! Your scalps shall yet adorn the Pawnee lodge. Dogs that sulk behind rocks!' He sprang down as a hail of balls and arrows flattened themselves against the rock where he had stood. I was on the lookout and my gun spoke loudly.

"Ugh! Great Heart shoots well,' was his only comment.

"Waugh, Ugh! The Mohawk squaws are liars,' screamed Black Bear. 'Do they think the Pawnees are fools? Mohawks can not stand before men; they are sneaks and cowards. Let them return to their squaws alone. I, Black Bear, have spoken!' He drew himself into the air, tossed his feathered head and dropped from their view. They rushed upon us. Black Bear threw away his fine bow, after killing the first three, and took out his knife, hurling with unerring accuracy at the next one, striking him dead. My last bullet took the next, but the next rushed on, hurling his tomahawk at Black Bear. I was wounded and a stream far redder than his skin was pouring out of the sides of Black Bear. It was give and take. Black Bear was struck to his knees, and the yelling warriors surged into the gap between us. Then a cloud of arrows whistled past us, coming from the heights above.

"The Pawnees, brother! The Great Spirit has sent us aid.'

"The Pawnees slipped quickly past. All but a handful went by, the others stayed to help us. We were sick and wounded. They glared angrily at me.

"Mohawks,' yelled Black Bear, 'your scalps will yet adorn our lodge. Manitou is good.'

"Stung by these words, a Mohawk warrior checked his headlong flight and sent an arrow whizzing upwards.

"Pawnee cur,' he shouted. 'White Hawk goes to the Happy Hunting Grounds, but Black Bear goes with him.'

"Straight to its mark flew the arrow. It sank deep, burying itself in the super-manly body of Black Bear, who fell into my loving arms.

"In a moment he was on his feet again and facing his friends he slowly said:

"Great Heart is my brother; his skin is white, but his heart is red. Be



his friend, see him safely to the fort. Great Heart drew Black Bear from rushing waters when they would have closed over his head. Black Bear gives again his life for White Hunter.' Then turning to fall into my arms again he whispered as only a real man could whisper, 'My brother if you ever see White Rose tell her I died bravely,

fearlessly, defending one I loved almost as much as her. Goodby. It is well.' "

Tom broke the solemn, still silence in the room asking, "Did the Pawnees take you home safely?"

"That my brave lad, is another story," smiled the good old captain.



### SHATTERED BEAUTY

*By Ercelle Reade*

China teacup, there you lie  
A broken crumbled mass of beauty;  
Your imitation we can buy,  
But not the memories you suggest;  
You tradition can supply.

Grandma filled with fragrant tea  
You and others of your kind.  
You heard many a recipe;  
If only you had power of speech  
To tell of grandma's coterie.

But your life, although so grand,  
Now at last comes to an end,  
Broken by a careless hand.  
You, so used to careful touch,  
Only thoughtful care could stand.



### THE FIRESIDE

*By Hamilton Crockford*

Not so many years ago, the fireplace was a most important part of every house and home, and now it has lost its place of prestige probably forever. Folks of the present generation have to tax their brains a little to recall the time when they sat around the open fire and listened to their favorite uncle's wonderful tales of adventure.

Steam heat, hot air furnaces and oil furnaces, have replaced the fireplace now. Just another evidence, some people might say, that the "good ole days" are gone. And why? I believe it is because of the

fact that an open fire provides a certain feeling of cheerfulness and congeniality and "Make yourself at homeness" that is experienced nowhere else. When one has visitors and the party assembles at the fireside each and every one feels just a little closer to the others. There must be a certain magic of the flames that brings about such things, for I have noticed it on many occasions.

From hikes and camping trips that I have been on, I have found the camp-fire especially a good mixer. When a stranger walking through the woods

comes upon the fire of a camper he almost always finds himself welcome. When men were more of woodsmen than they are now, friendships formed in this way were many and lasting. Then after dark, as the campers gather round the blazing fire and talk, tell stories and jokes, and relate their own experience in different happenings there is evident again that feeling of a better understanding and companionship with each other. Perhaps at such a place it is the presence of the "Great Spirit" whom the first Americans worshiped that exerts this influence. Whatever it is, it is nevertheless there.

My grandfather too is a great advocate of the open fire. When he had the hot-air system installed in our home, he kept the so-called "old-fashioned" fireplaces. I have seen him more than once, long after spring and warm weather had come, with a fire in the grate, merely, I believe, for the pleasure of making it himself and of sitting and reading by it.

A chimney was once a very essential part of a house, but now some people scarcely use it for more than an antique decoration or as a place on which to tack the radio aerial. Every year up to a few years back the chimney and the fireplace at our house served another purpose around Christmas Eve.

At that time the young folks, the very young ones who were ardent believers in the age-old tradition of Santa Claus, would write their Christmas letters to that old gentleman, would hold the letters above the flames of the crackling fire, and let the draft carry the messages up through the chimney and, supposedly to the address, Mr. S. S. Claus, North Pole.

All in all, the only fault I find with a fire is that my attempts to stay awake and study by it very often prove fruitless, for an open fire has that strange effect of making me unusually drowsy and dreamy. After all, that is not so bad though, for sometimes I like to dream.



## A TREE

*By Geraldine Beazley*

A great massive thing  
Like a temple stands firmly  
Upon the earth and pays  
Its tribute to God.

It reaches high above us  
And breathes the pure air of heaven,  
Not knowing or even caring  
What men do.



## THE MOUNTAIN CAMP

*By Catherine Rudy*

Marian Burton came to the door of the Burtons' cabin, and lifting the cow horn to her lips blew upon it a long blast. This meant, "Come to breakfast." The sun had not as yet risen, but everybody was up and chores were

finished. The yelping of dogs showed well that they knew the meaning of that horn blowing as well as did Marian's two brothers, Jaques and Gaspard.

The Burtons were early settlers in the





Senior Class, 1928

North. In the winter the men followed, as most pioneers did, lumbering and trapping for a living. All winter the boys and Marian had been left alone to manage the home place. They had cleared the underbrush about their small cabin and were now lumbering on the hillside, getting ready for the drive of logs when the valley river would float them down to the far-off sawmill.

"Boys, I have all the sap buckets ready," announced Marian, piling hot cakes on her brother's plates. "It's freeze and thaw weather right now, best time for sap flowing. We should commence to boil right away for more snow is on the way."

"Gaspard and I can't help with the sugaring this year. Maybe it will turn warm instead of more snow, so the logs must be in the river before then," spoke Jaques, loading maple syrup on his cakes.

"Oh, well, Miny, the Indian girl, and her little brother can help," replied Marian, throwing out scraps to their team dogs. "Miny can tend the boiling, little Jo can find wood and I can take the sledge into the woods and collect sap."

"Snow is deep enough in the woods, Marian, and heavy in the passes. It is holding on this season," said Jaques.

"Good," exclaimed Marian, who was a sturdy girl of pioneer type, unafraid of work, Indians, or even wild animals. "The old bear was around last night," she announced. "Saw his big flat tracks. Wouldn't you like to be home tonight instead of off in camp, just to watch for him, the old thief!"

"I would, for one," replied Jaques. "My, that old bear is a big one, he is going to do lots of mischief if we don't get rid of him. He's getting bolder all the time."

Bears were, at that time, troublesome to the settlers, carrying off sheep and stock. Especially were they bold in spring, when, having lost motion through the winter, they came forth,

preying upon everything. This old bear whom the boys named "Clubfoot" because of his strange footprints, the result of his having lost a portion of one foot, was the worst animal in that section.

The Burtons' sugar place was large, the trees covering one side of the mountain foothills. Sap gathering was difficult for Marian, but with her dogs and sledge, the snow holding well, she worked hard from dawn until dark emptying wooden buckets, while Miny tended the two great iron kettles swinging from their weights where the syrup bubbled and had to be constantly watched.

Marian came in tired out, her leggings wet to the knees. "Miny, you tend the kettles awhile, and I'll get a little rest," she said. Little Joe was already asleep. "You wake me if I sleep too long, Miny."

Everything was fixed for the night. The dogs, back of the cabin, had been fed and had burrowed deep into the soft snow to sleep. It was very still about the camp; only the soft bubble and puffing of the boiling syrup in the two great kettles went on gently, as the night came on. Finally, beneath one kettle the fire was dying out. Poor tired, Miny; she did not see that more wood was needed, for the Indian girl was fast asleep.

Then out of the woods came a shuffling, swaying figure. No one saw it. It was big and black. Old Clubfoot, the bear! He had traced the fragrance of boiling maple sugar many miles.

Uttering little whines and growls, the old bear came close to the silent sugar camp. The dogs were all asleep, buried deep in the snow. The little Indian girl, wrapped in her blanket propped against the shack, also slept. Clubfoot shuffled over towards the sugar kettles. Hot steam arose from one, but the other, as the bear put one flat paw inside its rim, was about cold.

The bear lapped his paw eagerly; one delicious taste was sufficient and the



next moment his head, almost up to his shoulders, was plunged inside the great black kettle. Just at that instant Miny woke up. The wild scream which she gave rang like a trumpet through the woods, arousing the dogs and Marian, herself. As for Old Clubfoot, he was clawing at the big kettle with both paws, trying to get his head out. But in vain. He was stuck fast inside. In his wild struggles he managed to overthrow the other kettle, put out the fire and scatter ashes wide. Then, with a muffled howl, he tore off into the forest, the kettle on his head, still trying to rid himself of his burden, bumping into everything in his path as he went wildly away.

"Miny, Miny, why didn't you call me? You were asleep? Oh, what shall we do? Our sugar is lost, and Miny, our precious relic, the Burton iron kettle used for generations. The largest iron kettle in the country! Oh, oh, what a misfortune for us!" wailed Marian. Suddenly Marian brightened.

"I am going after that old bear, Miny; I want our iron kettle," she announced. "I'll take the dogs and sled. See! it's nearly morning," and she pointed to the reddening sky. "We need more big wood. I can go to the boys' camp and get that; then perhaps they can help me. My, they'd like to catch him with that kettle on his head."

Marian was ready in a minute, harnessed the excited dogs, and was off, calling back, "Fix up the fires, Miny, and get the rest of the sap boiling."

Marian started on her way. Finally, along the edge of a small ravine, she discovered the great footprints of the bear. She saw a big, black round thing, caught in a clump of cedars. It was her kettle. The bear had rid himself of it, and it had rolled to its present location. Marian decided, as she had now located the precious kettle, that just then she would not climb down after it, for it was far too heavy for her to load onto

the sledge alone. Instead she would go to her brothers' lumber camp.

As she caught a whiff of smoke from the camp, she called to her brothers. But no one answered her. "Strange," thought Marian, suddenly with a fear of the impending trouble. She listened to hear if the boys were a long way off chopping, but all was silent in the woods except for the sighing murmur of the big pines overhead.

Finally she reached the place where the boys had been chopping. Again she called, but there came no answer. Where were her brothers? Soon she reached a recently felled tree, and then, from beneath the branches of the fallen tree, she heard a feeble groan.

Marian was frightened. It was her younger brother, Jaques, lying beneath the tree. He had been knocked down by its fall, and Gaspard was nowhere in sight. What could it mean?

"Gaspard, Gaspard, oh, where are you?" shouted Marian. Again Jaques moaned. Maybe he would die; she must do something! She tried, with all her strength to raise the fallen limb of the tree which pinned her brother down. She managed to ease it a trifle.

Just then, to her joy, Jaques opened his eyes in a stunned way, and seeing Marian, tried to smile, but failed and moaned instead. He was in pain but spoke feebly, saying:

"Gaspard saw the bear, and went off, then the tree fell on me. I chopped it down alone, but brother, when he came, couldn't help me. He can't lift. His side all the time is too weak. It is good you came, Marian. Gaspard, I sent him off quick to the settlement for the doctor. Marian, I am hurt; it is inside."

Quickly she brought water and bathed his face; then, working, pulling, she finally managed to ease the weight of the great limb from her brother's body. Suddenly she had an idea.

"Jaques, could you, oh, could you, if I helped you, manage to get onto the sledge? I will bring blankets from the

lumber shack. It will take a long time for Gaspard to get a doctor. A storm is coming now, instead of a warm season. If I can get you on the sledge, we can start for the settlement. It will save time."

Marian urged the dogs nearer her brother, dragging him onto the blankets of the sledge. Then with a glance at the oncoming storm, she lashed out at the dogs; they were soon on the way.

Marian remembered an old shanty once used by lumbermen. If it were still standing, it was not far off of the main trail. Unless she could manage to get her brother inside some shelter soon, he might perish before help came.

It was now a race between the howling storm and Marian. They soon came to the deserted old shack. How Marian ever managed to get Jaques inside, she never knew. He lay in the blankets groaning. Marian found some matches in her brother's coat and soon lighted a blaze on the stone hearth.

Marian realized that, unless she went out on the main way, Gaspard and the doctor might pass by and not find them in the lumber shack.

How had Gaspard even dared leave Jaques there, alone, hurt? Then she remembered how really helpless Gaspard was, for always with his weak heart he was unable to lift or even run races with the other boys. The only idea he

had that could help his brother was to go and bring back help.

At last, far off, in the heavy timber, she thought she caught the gleam of a light. Perhaps it was Gaspard coming, and he was bringing help.

Oh, what if they should turn off on another road and not come her way! She called him loudly, then she saw them: Gaspard, the old missionary, and the good little doctor himself.

"Oh, Marian, little sister," cried the surprised Gaspard. "How did you come here? Oh, what trouble I have had you'll never know, Marian. I have had such fears for Jaques, all the time. But you have saved him."

Soon the doctor had attended her brother and told Marian that she had certainly saved her life. But Marian remarked to Miny later at the sugar camp, "Miny, if Old Clubfoot, the bear, had't liked maple sugar and come into our camp when we were all asleep and run off with our best kettle, I never should have thought of going to my brothers' camp."

More than one wild creature of the forest often stopped to sniff at the golden maple syrup and was often brought to Marion's camp, but not Old Clubfoot, the big bear. He never forgot his wild night, when he ran miles with the kettle on his head, and that bear never visited the camp again; he simply disappeared.



### THREE PORTRAITS

#### I.

#### Youth

*By Virginia Young*

Across the hill at break of day  
A lovely girl went on her way.  
Toward the spring her steps were bent,  
So light were they, she made no dent  
Upon the fresh green grass of May.



Her eyes were bright as the rising sun,  
And all her work to her seemed fun.  
She ran with the fleetness of a fawn  
Which springs from his couch at break of dawn  
As if he heard a hunter's gun.

Graceful as a swan was she,  
And though she seemed in revery,  
Her voice broke forth in joyous songs  
To join the birds in numerous throngs,  
As they flew on from tree to tree.

## II.

**Morning**

*By Virginia Hale*

A dainty little maid one day  
Went skipping 'cross the lawn,  
Her face so bright, her smiles so gay  
Were like the break of dawn.

Her golden curls were like the beams  
That steal across the sky  
And wake the world from silent dreams  
To tasks that yonder lie.

The deep blue eyes were dancing drops  
Of shining morning dew,  
The azure far above tree-tops  
Transformed them into blue.

Her rosy mouth was like the break  
Of day that comes at last,  
That seems to say to all "Awake!  
For morn is breaking fast."

## III.

**A Lily**

*By Virginia Parrish*

A little girl sat all alone;  
Her thoughts were far away,  
Her voice was like a semi-tone  
And her face like the dawn of day.

She listened to the lark's clear sound  
And to the sparrow's cheer,  
It seemed like wedding bells around  
Among the shrubberies near.

And there in the early blissful dawn,  
As the flowers began to peep,  
This little child lay on the lawn,  
Like a lily fast asleep.

**ON ENTERTAINING A BABY***By Ercelle Reade*

Mrs. J—I won't tell her name now, as I cannot mention it at present without boiling with anger—asked me to keep her baby for her while she went to a sale yesterday morning. She would be gone only an hour, and baby was always a perfect angel in the morning.

I agreed to keep her if she would be sure to return within an hour, as I had an engagement at ten-thirty.

Mrs. J—brought the little "darling" over half an hour sooner than I expected her, so, consequently, I had to leave all my work undone. Within five minutes after the baby's mother had left, I promised myself never to let anyone impose upon me again. If that baby was an angel, I never want to be one.

The doorbell rang, so I left her sitting on the floor playing with her doll. When I came back two minutes later, she was hanging over the window sill chewing on some wax grapes that had been in a basket on the table. When I had placed her on her feet and had gently loosened her hold on the grapes, she started crying. Being an only child, she knew how to get her wish, so, in order to keep the neighbors from coming to see what was happening, I gave her the grapes and held her out of the window, hoping all the time that she would have the colic that night. As soon as she found out that I would let her lean over the window sill, she decided that she didn't want to do that, so, seeing the cat in the next room, she ran to-

wards it. She failed to reach the cat, but slipped on the rug and bumped her head. More wailing followed.

I was becoming desperate. The clock said ten minutes of ten. Thank goodness! Only ten more minutes to wait!

I picked the baby up and tried to amuse her for ten minutes. To keep her quiet, I had to let her pull my hair. By the time she had snatched out two handfuls, I could stand it no longer. I thought of my beads as a substitute. When I gave her the beads, she chewed the string and scattered the beads all over the room.

Leaving the baby with several other toys to break up, I went to the door. No one was in sight. Where on earth was her mother?

Then I saw her coming, laden with bundles. As soon as she was within speaking distance, she began raving over the wonderful bargains she had bought. She came in to get the baby, and we found her pulling off the wall paper. Her mother thought it just too cute for anything.

"Don't you think she's a darling?" she asked. "I know you enjoyed taking care of her."

"Oh, yes, she is an adorable child," I answered, too weary to say anything else.

As they left the house, I gave a long sigh of relief, looked at the clock, and finding it too late to attend my meeting, lay down and rested.

Words cannot express fully my opinion of some people.



## DEATH

*By Hamilton Crockford*

Stealthily it creeps upon us,  
Like the panther on its prey;  
Or sometimes it madly slashes,  
Crushes, with one blow, the thing at bay;  
Just again, as fears of night  
Have left us oft with break of day,  
So, defeated in its purpose,  
Sulkily it slinks away.



## SIBYL WILSON

*By Ruth G. Wood*

"Oh, Doctor Reed, is mother—"

"Yes, my dear, she is conscious now. She'll be all right in a little while. Is your father here?" the kind-faced doctor asked suddenly.

"Why, yes, here he is now," replied Sibyl Wilson, as her father approached the two who were standing beside a door in the hall of the Wilson home.

"How do you do, Doc? May I speak with you a few moments in the living room?" asked the man of the house, glancing at his daughter. Sibyl understood and slipped through the closed door which led into her mother's bedroom. The two men entered the living-room.

Sibyl approached the bedside of her mother, but discovered that she was asleep. She moved softly over to the open window and sat down. How beautiful the trees were! They were just beginning to change their summer coats of green to red and gold. And how blue the sky! There was not a cloud to be seen. But the girl was not seeing the beauty of nature. She was thinking of her sick mother. Mrs. Wilson had been suffering these attacks for the past year, and each attack was a little more severe than the one preceding. Sibyl knew exactly what they would lead to. She also knew what was going on in the conversation between her father and

Doctor Reed. The latter had warned Mr. Wilson before that his wife would not cease having the spells unless there could be a change of climate. And in order to have this it would be necessary to go West. Consequently Sibyl knew that this was what her father was planning.

She started as her mother's low voice interrupted her thoughts. She moved her chair to the bedside and took her mother's hand between her two slim ones.

"Can't I do something for you, dear?" the girl asked, tenderly stroking the thin white hand.

"No, honey, I'm all right now; just a little weak," the ill woman replied. But her looks evidently betrayed her feelings. Her face had no more color than the soft, white pillow. And, then, too, her coal-black hair made her appear even more pale. Just then the door opened, and Mr. Wilson and the doctor walked in. They did not hesitate, but immediately related their plan, which met with satisfaction. Mr. Wilson, with his wife and young daughter, would leave for Vallejo, California, in exactly two weeks.

The two weeks passed swiftly for the Wilsons. For they had been so busy making preparations for their departure that they had not noticed the time.

"Well, Mother," exclaimed Sibyl as she slipped into her sweater, "all my packing is about over; so I'm going to run up to school and tell them all good-bye."

"Yes, it will be your only chance, because the train leaves at 4:30 tomorrow morning," replied Mrs. Wilson as Sibyl ran down the front steps.

Arriving at the school, she went immediately down to the gym to see Coach Mary Daniels. The directress happened to be alone at that time, and she was very glad to see Sibyl. They talked for a long time, and when the girl arose to leave, Coach Daniels also stood up. Placing her hand on Sibyl's shoulder she said: "Sibyl, girl, you don't know how we're going to miss you. The team will be absolutely lost without their captain. But I know you'll do equally as well at your new school. That is, if you will let them know that you can play basketball. And if you don't let them know within the next month, I'll send them word myself. So you better look out!" Just as she finished speaking, a class of girls came running in; consequently there was no more time for them to talk. So Sibyl said good-bye and left with tears in her eyes. After seeing all her teachers and girl friends, she returned home, suddenly feeling very lonely.

Toot! Toot! The train is approaching Westminster, Maryland, and the Wilsons are standing in the station, ready to leave for California. The train stops with a tremendous squeaking of brakes. Mr. Wilson and his wife and daughter get on, and in five minutes they are speeding to their new destination.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, Janie, I think we're about settled now," remarked Robert Wilson to his wife.

"Yes, Bob, I hope so, and we have been here only a week. It is a beauti-

ful town, and the atmosphere is wonderful," replied Mrs. Wilson.

"I'm so glad you like it, Jane, and I know it will be better for all of us. Here comes the young lady up the street now. Wonder who the girl is with her," said Mr. Wilson, looking out of the window.

"Mother! Dad! Where are you?" called Sibyl as she opened the front door of the pretty little cottage.

"Right here in the living room," her dad answered.

"Oh, I want to introduce you to the nicest girl in town," cried Sibyl, as she entered the room with her arm around the waist of her friend.

"Nan, meet the rest of my family; and Mother and Dad, this is Nan Frederick, who lives across the street. She showed me about school today, introduced me to loads of people, took me"—

"Oh Sibyl!" the girl protested, blushing.

"Well, that's fine," replied Mrs. Wilson, "and we are so glad to know you," she continued as she and her husband shook hands with Nan. Nan, in return, expressed her delight over meeting such nice people; then she went with Sibyl to the latter's room.

"I'll have to see if I have all the books I need, so I will be able to start studying tomorrow," explained Sibyl to her friend. While she was hunting for her books, Nan noticed a memory book lying on the table by Sibyl's bed. She picked it up and began looking at the pictures in it. Just as she closed the book to put it back in its place, she glimpsed the picture of a girls' basketball team. Opening the book again, she turned to the picture. The face of the girl who was holding the ball looked familiar to Nan. She quickly glanced at Sibyl, who was on the other side of the room, and gave a low cry of ecstasy. Alarmed, Sibyl turned around.

"Why, Sibyl, why didn't you tell me that you could play basketball? And not only that, but you were captain of



the team back in your home town!" cried Nan Frederick. The other girl smiled timidly, but said nothing. She turned back to the books, but Nan would not let an incident like this pass by so easily. She seized Sibyl by the arm and started for the door.

"Come on," she said, "we're going right over to Trapnell and sign you up for basketball." And before Sibyl could offer any protestations, Nan had succeeded in getting her half way to the school.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Wilsons have now been living in Vallejo two months, and during that time the youngest member of the Wilson family has become very popular.

Sibyl Wilson is now the versatile captain of the Trapnell High School basketball team. This sixteen year old girl is not only the best player on the squad but one of the most admired pupils in the school. Sibyl has won the great admiration of the teachers and students by her simplicity and sincerity. She had started to the Trapnell High School with a determination to make new friends. And she had succeeded. She had won the hearts of all who knew her. And when she went out on the floor in the games, she seemed to stand out among the other girls, not because she was good-looking, but because one could discern in her a skill that was sure to triumph. Sibyl was also attractive. She was about five feet, four inches tall, had a mop of short, black curls, and clear, honest, black eyes. Now that we know our heroine a little better, we can proceed with the story.

"Just one week, Sibyl, before our big game," exclaimed Nan Frederick to her pal, Sibyl Wilson.

"Yes, and it's the most exciting week of the year, isn't it?" replied Sibyl.

"You bet it is, even if we haven't been so successful in the past twelve years. And although this is the thirteenth year we have played Christian-

burg, I feel sure that we can beat them."

This conversation passed between the two girls while they were dressing for practice on a certain Friday afternoon. All were excited over the approaching basketball game of the Trapnell High School with Christianburg High. Christianburg had won over Trapnell for the past twelve years, but the latter team was determined to win this year.

The conversation closed with the shrill sound of Coach Brown's whistle. The girls filed out of the dressing room all ready for a hard practice. They never lingered nor wasted any time; therefore, it wasn't long before they began scoring.

Dorothy Burrell, a crafty forward and a rival of Captain Wilson, scored first. She quickly shot a triumphant glance at Sibyl, who only smiled in return.

Dorothy and Sibyl were both excellent players and it was difficult to tell which was the better. However, Sibyl was the favorite. Her magnetic personality and her good work in various school activities, aided by her dark, honest eyes and winning smile gained her the admiration of all except Dorothy. We can't understand why she didn't admire Sibyl, unless it was because she was afraid that the favorite girl would gain superiority over her.

But to return to the practice and see how the two are progressing, Captain Wilson has also made a goal now and she is up with Dorothy. And so it happens that at the end of the drilling practice both have scored the same number of points. This was quite a common thing.

At the same time, the strong Christianburg team was having an equally exciting time. They had been successful in all of their recent games, and they were not the least bit afraid of Trapnell. Led by their fair leader, Captain Helen Simpkins, they made a very well-trained, dashing team. It is not surprising that they were just as sure of winning over Trapnell as the latter was of defeating

them. The unlucky year didn't bother them in the least.

The game was only three days off now, and the girls were practising hard. They had been playing for about a half hour when some one came running up to Captain Wilson and told her that a phone message had just been received which asked her to rush home as quickly as possible. The person at the other end of the line had said something about her mother which the person who answered the call did not understand.

Sibyl turned pale and looked as if she might faint. She quickly changed her attire and started for home.

What could have happened to her mother? Was it another attack? But this was impossible; Doctor Reed had advised them to come to California to cure Mrs. Wilson of these peculiar spells. But she had no more time to think of terrible things that might have happened, for she had reached the pretty little home. One of the neighbors met her at the door.

"Oh, what is it? What has happened, Mrs. Davis?" Sibyl asked the lady with anxiety written in her eyes.

"You had better talk to your father; he is in the drawing room," she replied. Sibyl hurried to where her father was. He was seated on the divan with his head in his hands. She approached him quietly and seating herself beside him, said softly, "Tell me all about it, Dad."

"Sibyl, girl, your mother has had a severe attack, and the doctor is afraid that it will be"—

"Oh no, Dad, don't think that; she will come through all right. I didn't think she would have any more spells."

"The doctor says that it was the sudden change in climate which caused it," Mr. Wilson related, sorrowfully.

It was the night of the big game. But the Trapnell team was not so hopeful of winning now that Sibyl, their captain, was out of the game.

The doctor had announced that the crisis of Mrs. Wilson's illness would

come about 8 o'clock that night. The game would also start at that time, and this meant that Sibyl would either play in the last half or not at all. Sibyl sat quietly at the bedside of her mother. Her father and the doctor were on the other side. Oh, how she longed to be at school with the team, who were so excited over the annual game! But of course she would not leave her mother in this condition. Nothing could induce her to move from the bedside of her dear parent.

In the meantime the crowd was rapidly assembling in the big gymnasium. A great number of the student body was out to cheer their team to victory. The Trapnell team came out on the floor a few minutes before the game to get warmed up. Everybody began whispering: "Where is Sibyl Wilson? They'll never win without her."

Just then the referee blew the whistle for the starting of the game.

The game was now well in swing. Neither team had held a great advantage. At the end of the first half Christianburg had scored twenty points while Trapnell had scored only sixteen.

There was a trying situation all this time in the Wilson home.

Doctor Meade arose and approached Mrs. Wilson's bed. He leaned over her for a few minutes while husband and daughter waited tensely. After five minutes that seemed an hour, the doctor straightened up with a smile on his face.

"Mrs. Wilson is now conscious and on the road to recovery," he announced. Sibyl jumped up with a cry of joy, and ran to kiss her mother on the forehead.

"Go now, my dear, and help them win the game," she said to her daughter in a very weak voice.

The whistle was blowing for the second half just as Sibyl ran on the floor. The cheers which arose seemed to rock the building as Sibyl took her place at forward.





Girls' Basketball Team

Dorothy Burrell flushed with rage. She was determined to vanquish Sibyl. The game was on. Dorothy tried again and again to trip Sibyl, so that she might be hurt. In her third and last attempt she was caught in the act by the coach. Consequently, she was called out of the game and disqualified.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which ran through the last half of the game. The score now stood 26-26 with one half of a minute to play. The tall jumping center struck the ball

directly into the hands of Trapnell's side center. She quickly passed the ball to Nan Frederick, who was playing forward with Sibyl. The crowd cheered as Nan passed the ball to the brilliant captain. The game now depended on Sibyl. If the ball missed the goal, Trapnell would not show their superiority over Christianburg. If the ball would go through, then—

But there was no doubt, The ball had found its goal from the hands of Captain Sibyl Wilson.



### OBSTACLES

*By Robert Berkeley*

I heard the waves as they hit the wall;  
I saw the spray go up, and then fall;  
I watched the receding wave roll back,  
Then collect its force for another attack.

How like a mighty beast, I thought;  
Which by a touch a man has caught;  
He leaps upon the bars in his rage  
To free himself from the hateful cage.

His trials result in a fall and a bump,  
But he gathers his force for another jump.  
The bars are all that make him a slave,  
As the rocks are all that repulse the wave.



### GREAT MEN AND SENTIMENTALITY

*By William J. Cobb*

The other day I was reading in a fifth-year reader, and I came across the following statement: "George Washington never in his life told a lie." Then there was related the incident of the cherry tree, and Washington was pictured as the Holy of Holies. He was held up as a model to the readers. That is all right, but why not take his faithfulness to duty, his persistence in the face of adversity, instead of his never having lied, and the famous cherry tree incident? Whether it is that children

must be fed sentimental nonsense to keep up their interest, I don't know. I asked a little girl, a cousin of mine, who George Washington was. "The good man," replied she, "who chopped down his father's cherry tree and then told the truth about it. He never told a lie." This is the only idea of George Washington she had, because it was the only thing her reader had stressed about him.

When the country grew weary of the biographies of Washington describing



him as a saint, who knew no evil, a demand arose for a biography which would tell the truth, and show Washington the man, and not the saint. So Rupert Hughes wrote his biography, and not content with showing Washington as an ordinary man, he tore down his virtues and substituted vices. But because Washington is not the saint he has been made out does not keep him from being a good man. I don't know whether there has been written yet a biography taking the middle course, but I hope so.

The same applies to Lincoln. As I read further on, I saw stories of Lincoln's goodness, of his pardoning deserters from the Federal Army at the entreaty of little maids, who had walked miles for that purpose.

I am still hazy as to Lincoln's greatness and his preventing the Union from being divided. If I am to accept the views of Northern writers he was a saint and a Martyr, greater than all

other men in history. Some even went so far as to compare him with Christ. "Christ is the Saviour of Mankind," they said, "but Lincoln is the Saviour of America." The southern writers, on the other hand, have said just the opposite. What names they have hurled against him! When not long ago the Virginia legislature passed a resolution making Lincoln's birthday a holiday, the News Leader published a long bitterly sarcastic letter from a subscriber, making Lincoln comparable to Beelzebub with his host of devils. I don't know what to believe here in the face of two such conflicting statements. Here again is a biography needed which will show Lincoln, the man.

And thus it is with all our great men and heroes. Either somebody tells some impossible tale of virtue or else tries to blacken the character altogether by revealing family secrets and private life, which may not be strictly true.



## THE OCEAN

*By Herman Sheintoch*

Oh waves! how you leap and bound and splash so high in the air.

You roar and loom and boom for mile on mile so far.  
Here I stand, but I am aware that you must leave me bare.  
You mighty jumbling tumbling waves, there is a bar.

Enfold me not in your cruel and brawny longing arm.  
It has been said, you can reach to here, but here you shall stay.

With all your height and length you can do to me no harm.  
What good is all your surging roaring now? O Nay!

Oh little waves! how you swish and swash upon the shore.  
Oh mighty waves! how you roll and roar upon this place.  
C-r-ash you go! just looming, booming o'er and o'er.  
I laugh at you, I care not how you strive or chase.

Oh mighty Mender above! I call aloud tonight.  
You made this vast and open sea. I pray you hear  
My prayer. Please let me feel Your words so full of light:  
To keep us from this brawny sea forever clear.

**DOMINUS SERVORUM***By Virginia Perry*

In the time of Nero, when pagan Rome was at the height of her debauchery, there lived a very cruel slave master, Cruello by name. Cruello was tall and lithe with many scars on his swarthy face. One could see the rippling of the mighty muscles as he kicked some poor unfortunate urchin out of his way or whipped one of the slaves subordinate to him.

The most peculiar feature of Cruello was his nose. It so much resembled a bird's beak that he was called "Cruello Becci" or "Cruello of the Beak."

Cruello had once been a slave himself but had been freed and promoted to his present position because of his fiendish cruelty and the uncanny attraction that he seemed to have for all wicked men; for Cruello was afraid of nothing. Some called him brave and perhaps he was, in one sense of the word. He was bold and courageous, but still, what is there brave about cruelty?

When Nero picked his men for the building of the temple to the "Unknown God," it was a queer coincidence that Cruello should have been chosen as "Dominus Servorum;" for what could such traits as he displayed have to do with the God of kindness? But all things revolve in a circle, and who could tell but what Cruello might some day cause his name to be less appropriate?

The erection of the temple progressed rapidly and Cruello's wickedness with it. However, he always kept before him dreams of his rise and fame in the Roman Empire, but he so far forgot himself as to entertain a particular hatred for one pitiful little slave who assisted in the dragging of the stones. The small fellow's wasted body could accomplish very little and Cruello, strong and hearty, had no patience with infirmity. Curiously enough, the object of his hatred was named Becci.

But what a difference in the souls of the two!

There came a day when Cruello, incensed by a reprimand which he had received from the emperor, vented his fury on little Becci. The lash's cruel thongs bit deeply into the tiny fellow's back. His shrieks would have brought pity from any man but Cruello. The knotted end of one of the thongs struck the left temple of Becci. One horrid groan—then death! Cruello started a little, but he seemingly felt no remorse. "Take him away," he screamed; and that was all or apparently so.

Cruello completed the day's work and was then summoned to account for the death of little Becci. He set forth his explanation very boldly. No blame was placed at his door. Again, the bravery of his cruelty was made manifest.

How could such inhumanity exist? Inwardly, Cruello was disturbed. Outwardly, he appeared untroubled. Why should the death of a slave haunt him? He could not tell. The natures of these two were as far apart as the poles. Was there any good in Cruello?

Day by day, the increased nervousness of Cruello became more apparent. The work on the temple was done poorly; the slaves were managed badly; the abstraction of Cruello came to the notice of the emperor. Nero, who had raised him to the position of "Dominus Servorum," now threatened to lower him to his former level of a slave. Disaster impended! Cruello, the ambitious, to be degraded!

One of the slaves, learning of Nero's threat, devised a scheme to torture Cruello. He knew that Cruello could not be frightened; for was not Cruello brave with the bravery of savageness and inhumanity? The plan required the help of the other slaves, and all agreed readily to the parts assigned to them.

That night the howling of the wind



and the rumbling of thunder kept Cruello awake. His mind kept reverting to that awful groan which Becci had emitted just before his death. Once, he started! No, it couldn't be. It was only the wind, he assured himself. Yet, oft repeated, he heard that groan that night and many, many nights to come. It wasn't the wind every night. But what was it? His conscience? No, he had none.

The sleeplessness of these nights accomplished exactly what the wise old slave had desired. Cruello grew more and more lax in his duty. Finally, the blow fell. Cruello, "Dominus Servorum," was no more. Cruello, a slave, again had his being.

Cruello could never again dream of his rise to heights of glory; the depths of degradation were his. So pride cometh before a fall, but sometimes that fall is good for us.

Cruello was now called "Becci" by his fellow slaves. What bitter irony! Man is cruel by nature, and although the

Lord saith, "Vengeance is mine," every man takes it upon himself to wreak his own vengeance. Thus the slaves retaliated.

Cruello, reduced to the ranks of slave, was a better man than of old. Although he was still bitter in his heart, the toil of labor and his association with the temple to the "Unknown God" helped in the work of reformation. The taunts of his companions no longer bothered him. He was as a man set apart, but his soul daily became stronger. He now aided in the relief of every sufferer with whom he was acquainted, and love became his master, not the desire for glory.

Could Cruello possibly be happy? Yes, for he no more felt himself to be degraded, and he now realized the influence that the death of a pure spirit had exerted over his life.

At last, he had found peace of soul and had become brave with the bravery of kindness and humanity.



## GROWTH

*By Robert Cuthbert*

### The Beginning

Drip, drop, drip, drop,  
A rivulet has begun.  
It meets many more as it starts on its course.  
And the stream grows one by one.

### The Waterfall

The rivulet has become a stream,  
A roaring, rushing flow;  
In torrents it rushes over the rocks  
And lands on the crags below.

### The River

Now gath'ring its forces below the falls  
The river rolls along  
It murmurs low on its way to the sea,  
And sings a soft swan song.

**GRANDMOTHER'S HOME***By Eloise Simonson*

When I was quite a little girl, I could hardly wait for school to close, so I could go and stay with grandma.

Grandma lived in an old colonial mansion a good way out in the country. The house was of brick, and one end was covered with ivy. This is where the birds came to build their nests, among the ivy leaves.

There were several big oak trees in the back yard, which spread their branches out to protect the house. There was a beautiful lawn in front. Just the dandiest place to play hide-and-seek, hop-scotch or dolls. Everything was so peaceful and quite after winter life in the city.

At the side of the house was a beautiful flower garden, fenced in. Just at times I was allowed to go in there. Grandma or some older person had to be along for fear I would damage a flower.

Not far from the house was a large orchard. I think the best fruit that ever grew, grew right in this orchard. Pink-cheeked peaches, nice juicy pears,

apples, plums, and cherries. I think this was my favorite resort. Anyway, I spent a good portion of my time there.

The barn comes next. This was a wonderful place also. How I would enjoy watching the cattle. I think my Granddad had every kind there was to be had. Every morning after the cows had been milked, I would help drive them to the pasture, and I'd go after them sometimes in the evening.

Horseback riding was a wonderful sport. Grandpa had a little white mare. She was old, but she was as gentle as she could be. He wasn't afraid to trust the children with her, because he knew she was safe. Anyone could ride her anywhere he wanted to go.

Grandma's was a place everyone liked to go at Christmas time. Brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, children, and grandchildren would gather there. A family reunion—this was looked forward to with much pleasure by everyone.

It is a great pleasure now to stop and think of the wonderful times I had at Grandmother's home.

**THE WAY OF A BROOK***By Hallie Badgett*

Over a gleaming and white sandy bottom,  
Slowly, softly glides the silvery stream,  
Whispering gently treasured secrets to the  
Soft-eyed violet in a lovely dream.

Gurgling, happily, with child-like contentment,  
When a hindering stone changes its sleepy tune,  
Crooning lovingly, lulling flowers to sleep  
Urging a nap, though it is only noon.



## SAMMY

*By Beatrice Kaplan*

Although the Civil War had wiped out slavery in the South, the Dennis plantation, once the richest and most prosperous, still retained a few negroes who had not been willing to be freed. For many years after that the descendants of these slaves remained. This brings me to the beginning of my story.

"Sammy!" A voice huge as its owner thundered across the field. "Sammy!" For a few minutes the old negro woman stood by the door, looking and listening for any clue that might give Sammy's whereabouts, then walked wearily back into the room.

"Ah wonder whar dat nigger is," she said to her daughter, Mandy, who was black as the coals she was shoving into the stove. "Like as not he's shooting crap with dat bunch of worthless niggers."

"Callin' me, Mammy?" An active young negro came in. His skin was very light, and he was uncommonly handsome for one of his race. His motto, if he had ever thought of having one, would have been, "Eat, drink, be merry and never work."

"Ya, I'm callin' yo'! Didn't yo' hear me?" For a few seconds she was silent, then her voice roared out. "Lissen here, you worthless, good fornuthin' nigger, do yo' think Ah's gwine to work fer yo' an' yo' ain't gwine to do nuthin'? Git it off yer min', cause yer gwine to git on your knees an' scrub dat flood!"

"But, Mammy, yo' know Ah ain't—."

"Yo' am. Git a brush an' pail o' water, Mandy, and lissen once again, nigger. Yer marster done saved yer life, and you ain't ever paid him by takin' kere o' his flowers."

Sammy looked shamefacedly at the floor; what the old woman said was true. William Dennis, his young master, at the risk of his own life, had saved the negro from being crushed to deathdeath by a runaway horse. Sammy

had been grateful and had tried to show it by working. However, after two days he had relapsed into his old habits.

The sounds of their voices attracted the attention of Dennis, who had been walking by. At his approaching footsteps, Sammy and Mammy ceased.

"What's the matter in here?" a quiet voice asked.

"Nuthin'," Mammy answered, "I was only tryin' to get Sammy to wash dish here floor."

"It seems to me," Dennis said, "that I told you to clean my horses. They are the same way I left them."

"Yassir, boss, I'm gwine now to do it." He glanced at the floor and hurried out.

"By the way, Sammy," Dennis called out, "when you get through with the horses, come back here and wash the floor. It wont hurt you."

Sammy's heart filled with resentment; to clean the horses and to wash the floor in the same day was going too far. He knew that in about thirty minutes there was going to be a card party to which he had been invited; on the other hand, he knew that he had to obey the boss.

After fifteen minutes of splashing cold water and kicking the poor horses, who hadn't done anything to deserve such treatment, he threw the buckets in a corner and sat down.

"Dey got dere nerve," he grumbled, "makin' me work so hard fer nuthin' an' after Ah been up all night, too." He shoved his hand into his pocket and pulled out the money he had won the night before in the hard-fought battle of dice. He looked greedily at the money, then replaced it and arose to resume his work.

For another fifteen minutes Sammy labored, then once more sat down and mopped his face.

"Holy Moses, but it's hot!" He

looked enviously at the horses. "Yo' oughta be thankful you' ain't gotta work on a heated day like this. Think Ah'll run away and—" Here he paused, and a determined light came into his eyes. "Why didn't Ah think o' dat befo'?" he asked softly. "Ah'm gwina estimate mah plans now."

About twelve o'clock that night, when everyone was sleeping a figure stole from the shadow of the house into the road. Sammy's heart was beating fast; if there was anything he was afraid of, it was to be alone in the middle of a road at midnight, when anything might happen to him. He almost had a mind to go back home. However, he didn't. He set his face to the north and trudged wearily on.

For three miles he plodded along, then crept exhausted into a deserted barn. Dropping on some sacks in the darkest corner, he soon fell asleep. Two hours later he was awakened by the sound of voices.

"Everything all right, Bill?" someone asked.

"Yes," a second man answered.

"By God!" the first voice cried shrilly. "I'll get Dennis for having my father hung!"

Sammy held his breath. He recognized the man as Peter Burks, against whose father Dennis had given evidence for the murder of his friend. The son had sworn to avenge his father, who, he said, was innocent.

"I've found out that Dennis has to be in town at seven o'clock; that means he has to leave soon. We'll meet him at Marshall's Bend, and we'll put an end to William Dennis." He laughed aloud at the idea.

For a few minutes the two men said nothing, apparently resting. Sammy never moved, thinking of what had been planned. As he lay there, he felt it was his duty to warn his master, but he immediately changed his mind. Why

should he? Didn't Dennis make him work hard? If the men killed his master, there would be no one to follow Sammy and bring him back to the plantation to work hard. Yet, the thought struck him like a thunderbolt: hadn't Dennis saved his life and given him a home? Now wasn't it the time to pay him by saving his life? As these thoughts ran riot in his mind, the men arose and went out.

The negro heard them saddling their horses, and in a few minutes they rode away. As they disappeared from view, Sammy got up, determined to foil their murderous attempt.

He reached Marshall's Bend in time to see the men hide themselves behind a large boulder. As he watched from some bushes not far from them, but where they couldn't see him, he saw the man called Bill hurriedly rise and walk toward the horses. As he went by the bushes, Sammy pushed out a stick causing the man to fall on the ground. Sammy sat on Bill and punched him in the jaw.

"Umph," Bill grunted and fell back.

Then Sammy tied him up with the rope he had brought from the barn. Burks, not noticing anything unusual, still kept watch on the road. As the negro crept forward, both heard the sound of a horse beyond the bend. As the rider came into view, Burks lifted his rifle. Sammy with a yell to Dennis to get out of the way, struck the man on the head, though not before Burks had fired his gun. At Sammy's yell, Burks had turned and the bullet meant for Dennis had struck Sammy. The negro, infuriated by pain, again struck with such force that it was a long time before Burks fully recovered.

Dennis caught Sammy in his arms. "Sammy," he exclaimed, "you saved my life, —"

"Yassir, Boss," Sammy murmured with his last breath, "dat's what Ah's meant to do. Ah's done paid yo' back."



**THE SEA***By Joe Crawford*

I stand on the bank by the beautiful sea,  
Where the water, so blue and so deep,  
Sings softly a song, as it ripples along,  
And the waves gently soothe you to sleep.

Then there appears just a tiny speck,  
Where the world seems to meet with the sky;  
Away, out in the sea, so happy and free,  
There's a ship with its mast held high.

Now it comes nearer still plowing the sea,  
While the clouds float by overhead;  
These men of the foam returning home  
To loved ones, living and dead.

**TEN YEARS OLD***By Hallie Badgett*

If I could make a wish that was to come true, I believe, after some thought on the subject, that I would wish to be ten years old again. Of course I don't expect serious-minded persons to agree with me, but that seems to me to be the happiest, the most wonderful age. A girl of ten can do almost anything she happens to take a notion to do. Besides knowing what she wants, she almost always knows how to obtain the object of her desire.

Miss long, lean, lanky Ten never has anything that fits for long, but she doesn't seem to care. Yet she is very critical of her dress and has strong likes and dislikes. If it suits, it suits; if it doesn't suit, it just doesn't, and that is the end of it. Mainly, her dress must be comfortable, and she likes best her everyday dress.

Ten is very sincere and not easily swayed; thus she makes a good critic. In fact she doesn't hesitate to inform you bluntly that she doesn't like your dress or hat. Hypocrisy is despicable and she can see through it like tissue paper. She is just what she is; there is nothing two-faced about her. She leads

a single life. Such keen, observing eyes and sharp ears as she has are not possessed by everyone, and few secrets are entirely safe around her. Who but such a creature knows first when sister's beau brings a box of candy and greedily swallows the first and last pieces? She hears the whispered secrets, sees the sly glances and interprets them readily. Why, she can even tell who brother secretly calls his girl. Who finds the most hens' nests, and knows where all the wild strawberries grow, sees the biggest snake, the first hatched chick, and can always spy the cooky jar? Such questions are useless.

When company comes there is one person allowed the second piece of chicken and cake, and the whole family are very well aware of this beforehand. Forgotten are the orders given by mother just before dinner time, and Ten doesn't mind, even see the headshake, the stare, or the familiar gesture. For once Ten is both deaf and blind, until her appetite is thoroughly satisfied, and the quantity it does take to do that is amazing.

First she is pounding on the piano,

her shrill voice penetrating every corner and creating as much disturbance as a whole choir, then before you know it she is swinging gracefully in the top of the highest tree in sight. She may swing over and bring the tree top within a few feet of the ground and jump down or just swing to the next limb.

The cloud in the sky for Ten is the fact that she isn't a boy, but then she just makes the best of it like a good little sport and does the things a boy does. To skin-a-cat up in the hay loft is nothing. She can even hang up by her toes and outrun her adoring younger brother. With the paint off the red tin wagon and a few turkey feathers she can immediately become an

Indian or a grand lady. There is no end to the wonderful things, if not always the best things, that she can do. She does sometimes wonder why she can't kiss her elbow and instantly become a boy. But then too she is expecting her knight to come riding by on a big black horse and carry her away to a wonderful castle deep in the forest.

If I were ten again there is one thing I would do. I'd find the highest tree around, and there I'd follow my big brother to the very top. I was never quite able to satisfy myself that I couldn't climb as high as he could. Mother or someone else would always appear just at the wrong time and I was compelled to descend at once. I shall never quite forgive them.

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Baseball Team

## EDITORIALS



### Missile Honored Again

The Petersburg High School has a magazine that it should be very proud of. For three consecutive years now, "The Missile" has carried off honors in a contest sponsored by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. The Missile has been entered each time in the class composed of high schools from five hundred to a thousand students. The contest is a national affair and great credit should be given to any honors that are received. Each year three issues of "The Missile" are sent to Columbia and the prizes are awarded on the quality of the work.

The first time that "The Missile" was entered, it received second place in the national contest. The second time "The Missile" carried off first place and we have a large cup in the office to show for it. Now the three issues just preceding the last two have won second place again and the magazine has a medal to display. Sam Grossmann and Richard Meade edited these issues.

The "Missile" started back in 1912 a small insignificant little paper, but it has grown to be one of the foremost high school magazines of the country. A great deal of credit is due to the editors and their staffs, to the students themselves, and especially to Mr. Miller, Faculty Adviser. He has had much to do with the success of our magazine. Our only hope is at present that the "Missile," will maintain the standard that its predecessors have set.

R. M. B.

### The Supervised Study Periods

When the present system of hour periods with supervised study was established at P. H. S., a majority of the students were not in favor of this plan. The hour classes remained, nevertheless, and now this system seems to have the approval of more students.

However, one thing still needs improvement. The supervised study which was to have taken twenty minutes of the period, has not worked very well. The main reason is that many teachers give no study period at all. Their reason for not giving study time is that they cannot cover the required course without using the whole hour. If this is true, we should like to ask how we finished the course when we had forty-five minute periods?

When we remember that the study time which the teacher uses to discuss the lesson is the only study period that some students have, it is only fair that the teachers should give us the required study period.

There are a few members of the faculty who say that the study period is not used for study by the students. The teachers have never given supervised study a fair trial. If any teacher is able to keep order in a large study hall, surely every member of the faculty of P. H. S. can keep order in his classroom.

We do not ask the faculty to give us their class period for study, but we do ask them to give us what should be ours already, a study period at the end of each class.

E. B. R.



## LITTLE MISSILES



## FROM THE SUBLIME TO ——?

## I.

**Disappointment***By Berkeley Carter*

I asked for a date,  
But no luck, doggonit.  
My love turned to hate.  
I asked for a date,  
Alas, 'twas too late!  
For my rival had won it.  
I asked for a date,  
But no luck, doggonit.

## II.

**The Reason***By Elizabeth Gay*

I tried for a golden report,  
But all my work was in vain,  
For a fellow came to court,  
I tried for a golden report.  
He said, "Please be a sport  
And come to walk in the lane";  
I tried for a golden report,  
But all my work was in vain.

## III.

**The Need***By Ercelle Reade*

I need inspiration;  
That's what I need.  
I have indignation.  
I need inspiration,  
For it brings perspiration  
To have to proceed.  
I need inspiration;  
That's what I need.

## IV.

**My Wager***By Malcolm Underwood*

I was told to write a triolet,  
 And now I'm feeling blue.  
 As blue as any violet—  
 I was told to write a triolet.  
 I have a dime I'd like to bet  
 That you would feel so too.  
 If told to write a triolet  
 You'd now be feeling blue.

## V.

**Skating***By Ruth Mize*

As I was skating down the street,  
 'Twas just my luck to see a cop.  
 He called to me when we did meet;  
 As I was skating down the street.  
 And I shall always hear the tweet  
 Of the noisy whistle that made me stop;  
 As I was skating down the street,  
 'Twas just my luck to see a cop.

Teacher: "Who were the epistles?"

Pupil: "The wives of the apostles."

Mr. Miller: "I've even heard it  
 rumored that the Volstead Act has not  
 completely stamped out the imbibing of  
 alcoholic beverages!"

Mr. Freas: "How do you pronounce  
 the French 'e', with a greve accent?"

J. James: "Eh?"

Mr. Freas: "That's right."

Tom: "Don't you ever cry when your  
 father whips you?"

Henry: "What's the use! He's deaf!"

L. A.: "How long is it from Christ-  
 mas to New Year's Day?"

F. L.: "One week."

I. A.: "Then how long is it from  
 New Year's Day to Christmas?"

R. L. (puzzled): "The same."

I. A. (triumphantly): "Naw!"

B. Budd: "What's an operetta?"

M. A. Acree: "Don't be dumb—it's  
 the girl who works for the telephone  
 company."

B. D.: "It seems to me that women  
 would rather have beauty than brains."

L. M.: "Of course. Most men are  
 stupid, but few are blind."

D. Myers: Have you hear the new  
 sneeze song?"

K. Bennett. "No; what is it?"

D. Myers: "I took one look a-choo!"

Chemistry test question: Where do  
 you get iodine?

A girl's answer: Drugstore.

Sarg's comment: Which one?

Mary R.: I know a girl—honest!—  
 who plays the piano by ear!"

Alex B.: "That's nuthin'. I know a  
 man who fiddles with his whiskers."



T. Thomas: "'Lo Butsy, want to go out tonight?"

B. Carter: "Sure!"

T. Thomas: "Well, call up Mike—he's looking for a date."

"Did your grandfather live to a green old age?"

"I should say so! Why, he was swindled three times after he was seventy."

Two pupils paid for hurrying in the halls by knocking their heads together somewhat severely—accidentally, of course.

The first: "You made my head ring."

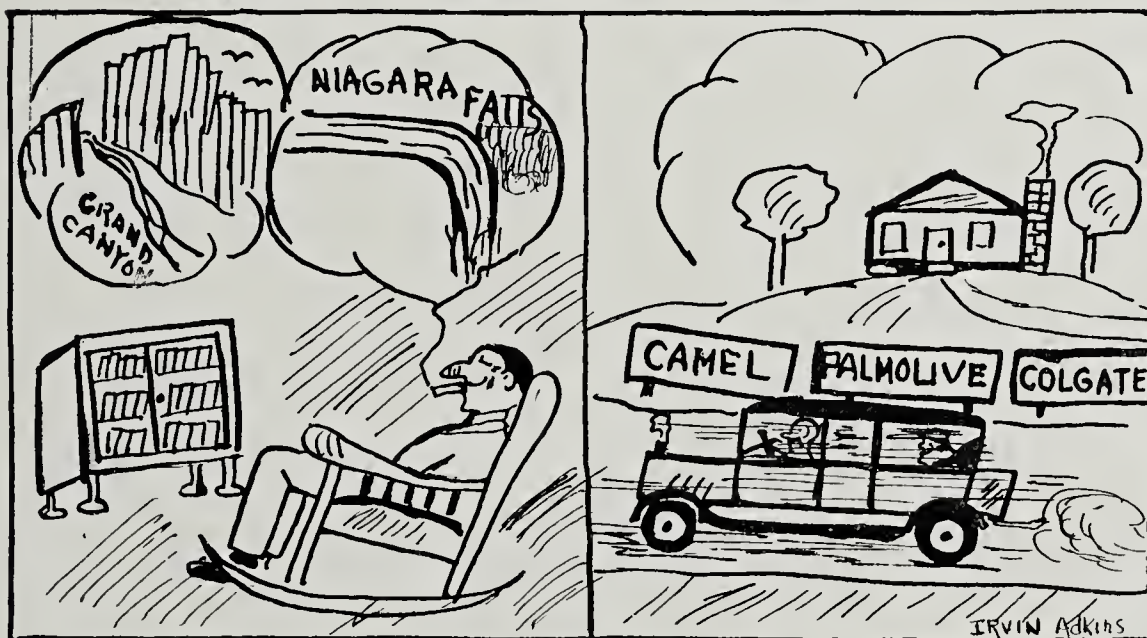
The second: "That shows it's empty."

First: "Didn't your head ring?"

Second: "No!"

First: "Then that shows it's cracked."

## "SEE AMERICA FIRST"



*See America First*—"How was the scenery on your trip?"

"It ran largely to tooth paste and smoking tobacco."—*Louisville Courier*.

Who are we?

Who are we?

We're the boys in Chemistry!

Are we fragrant?

Well, I guess—

We've been making H-2-S.

Little pickaninny

Looks just like his poppy;

Don't know what to call him,

Unless it's Carbon Copy!

Massa: "Rastus, I understand that you are the father of twins. What have you named them?"

"Well, suh, Ah named de fust one Adagio Allegro, an' Ah'm gonna name the second one Encore."

"I know you're musical, Rastus, but why call the second one Encore?"

"Well, Massa, y' see he wasn't on de program at all."

Parson: "And do you take this woman as your wedded wife?"

Groom: "What d' ye think I'm here for anyway?"

K. L.: "That orchestra is not very good."

M. E.: "No! It has a hard time keeping up with you."

**GRIEF (ISSIMUS)!***By Easter Souders*

I sit in gloom and moan all day,  
 For tragedy is near;  
 If someone sings or says a word,  
 I'll fly off the handle, I fear.

O weep and wail, ye stars above!  
 My heart is just like lead.  
 O cease your silvery course, O moon,  
 For my dearest friend is dead!

My friend whom I loved in all his life  
 (But he wasn't so strong and big).  
 O woe is me! what shall I do?  
 For gone is my guinea pig!

Sarg: "Mr. Burks, please define an ion."

J. Burks. "Er, ah,—oh, yes, that's what you use to smooth out clothes."

Mr. Miller (after having read a notice requesting that pupils bring candy to the office): "Bring it to my office; I'll take it."

Lady: "I want a tie, please."

Clerk: "For a gentleman?"

Lady: "No; for my husband."

Physics teacher: "Give me an example of wasted energy."

The response: "Telling hair-raising stories to a bald-headed man!"

Jack: "I gave that man fifty cents for saving my life."

Buck: "And what did he do?"

Jack: "Gave me back forty-five cents change."

A father went into a studio to get some pictures of his son.

The photographer showed them to him.

"Very much like him," was the father's comment.

"But he still owes me \$8.00 on them."

"More like him," said the "old man."

"Mary is two-thirds married to Bob."

"How's that?"

"She's willing, and the preacher's willing."

Will (to boy who has fallen down the steps): "Did you miss a step?"

Ed: "Yes, I missed one, but I hit all the rest."

First Alumnus: "Do you talk in your sleep?"

Second ditto: "No; my wife says I'm perfectly exasperating—I only smile!"

T. T.: "How do you like your cigarette lighter?"

T. W.: "Oh, aw right! I can light it with one match now!"

Mrs. (to tramp): "Out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I've a cord of wood to be cut up, and I was just going to send for a man to do it."

Tramp (eagerly): "Where does he live? I'll go and get him!"

Of all the sad surprises  
 There's nothing to compare  
 With treading in the darkness  
 On a step that isn't there!



**SUNSET AND DAWN**

FRANCIS HAWKINS

## I.

How awful is the heaven  
At sunset and at dawn.  
The clock has just struck 'leven,  
And my inspiration's gone.

## II.

It made me think how nice 'twould be  
To creep into my bed  
And pull the covers over me  
To the top of my weary head.

## III.

I can't recall a single thing  
That I was going to say,  
Of what the ending day would bring  
And the breaking of the day.



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## COURAGE

JOHN GALSWORTHY

*Courage is but a word, and yet, of words,  
The only sentinel of permanence;  
The ruddy watch-fire of cold winter days,  
We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,  
And on. For faith—without it—has no sense;  
And love to wind of doubt and tremor sways;  
And life forever quaking marsh must tread.*

*Laws give it not, before it prayer will blush,  
Hope has it not, nor pride of being true.  
'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,  
But hales us on and on to breast the rush  
Of all the fortunes we shall happen through.  
And when Death calls across his shadowy fields—  
Dying, it answers: “Here! I am not dead!”*



When the baseball season this year got under way, there were two outstanding problems that faced Coach Day. The first was to build up a pitching staff to support Ayers, the outstanding pitcher, and second to replace the vacancies in the infield left by Captain Ramsey, Aldridge, Pilcher and Andrews of last year. From the first day of practice there has been a good number of recruits out for the team, and from these the coach has picked men to fill the vacant positions. The team has already started on its schedule and is making a good showing.

The opening game was played against Emporia which was lost 5 to 2. The next game they came back strong, however, and defeated McKenney 12 to 4. In the next game the P. H. S. nine went into a hitting slump and lost to Lawrenceville 5 to 4. The next game was the first Conference game of the season against Maury High of Norfolk. The Maury team won the State Championship in 1927. In this game Ayers, pitching superb ball for P. H. S., held the Com-

modores to two runs while his teammates accounted for three. Ayers struck out nine men and allowed one to walk. The game was exciting throughout, and the school feels justly proud of the team for this victory.

The following men are playing on the varsity at present:

“Mac” Underwood, captain, playing his fourth year in baseball for P. H. S. Underwood plays shortstop and is one of the outstanding players, he is an experienced baseball player and makes a fine captain for the team.

“Bush” Tipton, third base, playing his second year. Last year Bush played in the outfield, but coach finds he needs him more at third base. His playing in the Maury game branded him an outstanding player.

Robert Swearingen, second base, playing his second year on the team, was switched from the out field to fill one of the infield positions. “Swiggie,” who also has won two letters in basketball,



certainly gives a good account of himself at second.

George Smith, first base, is a catcher converted into a first baseman. George won a letter also in football and basketball. He is the first all-round man we have had since Cain.

"Zeto" Baxter, catcher, unable to play last year on account of ill health has come forward with pep and drive this year. His playing has put pep into the team.

"Johnie" Ayers, pitcher. Nothing needs to be said about Johnie's pitching ability. We just couldn't do without him.

"Ben" Campbell, center field, second year. Ben was our leading hitter last year and is a very dependable player. His work in the field and at bat is of the best.

A. B. Motley, right field, playing his first year, has the making of a promising player. Although he plays in the outfield Motley is also a utility catcher.

John Lucas, left field, also playing his first year, is a promising player. John also won his first letter in football last season.

Howard Wells, a utility man, fills in nicely in the outfield.

Burks, McCants, and Simonson help Ayers carry the pitching burden.

Coach also has several other players whom he hopes to develop into first class men.

The score of the game so far are:

P. H. S.— 2 Emporia— 5.  
P. H. S.— 12 McKenney— 4.  
P. H. S.— 4 Lawrenceville— 5.  
P. H. S.— 3 Maury— 2 (Conference game).

The rest of the schedule is as follows:

April 17—Hopewell—there.  
" 19—W. & M. Frosh—there.  
" 20—Newport News—there.  
" 21—John Marshall—home.  
" 24—Hopewell—home.  
" 25—Franklin—there.  
" 27—Woodrow Wilson—home.

May 1—B. M. A.—there  
" 4—Maury—there.  
" 5—Oceana—there.  
" 8—Newport News—there.  
" 15—John Marshall—there.

Letters were awarded to the two basketball teams in the regular weekly assembly on April 17.

The boys receiving their letters were as follows:

Robert Andrews, captain.  
Robert Swearingen, captain-elect.  
Rhonda Barnes, forward.  
Harmon Ayers, guard.  
George Smith, guard.  
Arthur Brown, forward.  
John Goodwyn, forward.  
Bernard Branch, manager.  
The girls receiving letters were:  
Mary Rennie, forward.  
Cornelia Friend, guard.  
Truie Mitchell, guard.  
Easter Souders, center.  
Ercelle Reade, side center.  
Marguerite Harwell, side center.  
Mary Farinholt, forward.

At a meeting of the letter men of the basketball team, Robert Swearingen was elected captain for the 1928 season. Robert has been a steady player for the last two seasons, and it was partly through his good playing and scoring 13 points that the team won from John Marshall. We think the team has made a wise choice in selecting him captain for the '28 season.

Our athletic teams this year so far have been taking big strides. These teams have come forward with pep and drive that have carried them to victory over our ancient rivals from John Marshall, Maury, and Woodrow Wilson, the larger and stronger teams of the state.

Last fall the P. H. S. football team playing its last home game of the season met the strong Woodrow Wilson team, state champions and undefeated for two years. The Crimson Wave fought that

day like tigers and held the Presidents scoreless.

Later in the basketball season our five, after playing through a long season, met the John Marshall team on our court and beat them 38 to 31, another big victory.

With the beginning of baseball season and the team getting quickly in shape and defeating Maury's state champions, it looks as if we are in line to contest very strongly for the state championship. Who knows?



## SCRAPS

Not so very long ago we were enjoying heartily our Easter holidays; but just think, it won't be long now before graduation and examinations and such things. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned that word "examinations." If the student body should find out who I am, I probably would not come out alive. At any rate, I hope it won't keep anyone from reading the rest of these Scraps.

The Petersburg High baseball team has started off the 1928 season right. True, when "The Missile" went to press, there were two losses and one victory chalked up, but the losses were by close scores, 5 to 3 to Emporia, and 5 to 4 to Lawrenceville, while the victory was very decisive, 12 to 4 against McKenney. Under Coach Day's direction, and with Mac Underwood as captain we predict with safety a successful season.

According to a statement in a recent issue of "The Missile" the cost of printing a picture in this magazine is approximately \$10.60. Besides many other interesting features, there are eighty odd pictures of Seniors in this issue, which fact certainly makes the May publication absolutely priceless.

The Hi-Y Clubs of Petersburg have recently put over two very important undertakings for the boys and girls of this city, chiefly those of high school age. The first project was a Vocational Guidance campaign, in which were registered fifty-five boys, both from high school and employed boys, who wished to determine

what work they would pursue in life. Under the auspices of the Hi-Y Clubs and the Kiwanis Club several meetings were held, beginning Tuesday, April 10. The boys were interviewed by local men prominent in the various professions and were carried through an interesting process in choosing their life work.

The Hi-Y also conducted a Young People's Conference which was held on the days, April 27, 28, 29. Allowances were made for about 500 boys and girls, representing the various young people's church organizations of Petersburg. The problems that confront the youth of today were discussed thoroughly at these meetings.

Something else the Hi-Y boys accomplished recently was the successful presentation of the annual Hi-Y Minstrels, such a successful presentation, in fact, that the club has been asked to repeat the show as a benefit performance. Mrs. Ellis and Miss Goodwyn coached the proceedings.

Still another event of great moment to the school was the June Class Play. This play, the "Thirteenth Chair," was coached by Mr. Howard Freas, and the Seniors are greatly indebted to him. Reserve seats were sold for the performance and such a thrilling, chilling mystery as the "Thirteenth Chair," presented on Friday, (April 13th, had to be a success.

The annual clash between Page and Daniel Literary Societies in the field of debating took place in assembly March



20th and 21st, each society having a negative and affirmative team entered. Both teams from the Page were victorious and this fact, of course, made the 'Pages' very proud. Lucie Grossman, of the Page society, and John Doyle of the Daniel, were chosen as best and second best debaters respectively. Here's wishing them luck in the coming contest with John Marshall.

The Virginia Association of Federated Music Clubs held its annual convention in Petersburg from April 9th to 13th. Several programs were given in the High School auditorium, and many pupils

availed themselves of the opportunity to attend. When we found that Mr. Powers was to give a concert we were much the more interested.

---

When you get this issue of the Missile it will be class night for the Seniors, an outstanding event in any Senior's life. Then will come commencement. Think, noble Seniors, of the life behind us, and of the problems of life we soon will have to meet! Then let us nobly bear the brunt of future troubles and make history for P. H. S.!

W. H. C.





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